The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR

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. . EDITORIALS . .

EVOLUTION AND CATHOLIC EDUCATION

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE of the East was recently rocked to its foundations by a most stupendous demonstration of common sense on the part of some members of its faculty who were judging a debate. It seems that a group of learned seniors had gathered together to debate about evolution. They had marshalled all the facts and charts they could lay their hands to; and the meagre audience of two hundred and fifty was bedizened with proof upon proof, no less dazzling in their subtleties than in their silvery delivery. To begin with, the audience was befuddled by the statement of the question: "Resolved, That the doctrine of evolution is neither a scientific theory nor an established fact." The men who were debating, having presumably studied the question, understood, in violation of the rules of debating, that the affirmative was really the negative, but the uninitiated among the audience were for some time under considerable difficulty to discover just who was arguing for what, and if so, who won. But the debate went along for all that, and the first speaker for the negative (really affirmative) showed that evolution as a principle is as definitely proven as any other scientific fact or natural law by comparing the anatomy of the whale to other mammals; (whether or not he mentioned any other scientific fact or natural law, much less all others, doesn't appear, but no matter). After the accepted debating fashion, the first speaker for the negative (really affirmative) was off on an altogether different tack, bent on defining the term "scientific theory" and showing that evolution does not fit that definition. Through paleontology, charts about horses, the Mendelian laws, the evolution of the frog from the tadpole, and charts of the Piltdown man, went the ensuing speakers, connecting their points more or less ingeniously to the qustion at hand, to the infinite puzzlement of both the judges and the audience. The smoke of battle being cleared, the judges disregarded the arrangement whereby the affirmative was to be the negative, and the negative affirmative, looked squarely at the issue, and deciding that the lads who upheld evolution advanced the less irrelevant arguments, awarded the decision to the negative.

The college paper, in its report of the debate, was at great pains to impress its readers with the surprise manifested by the audience when in a Catholic college arguments for the theory of evolution were acknowledged superior to arguments against. It is really too bad that Catholic students are always surprised when confronted by an instance of sound thinking on the part of their instructors. Here was a debate in which the truth or falsity of the theory of evolution did not need enter; decision in favor of either side could be rendered without a thought as to the truth or falsity of the theory of evolution, as can be seen by even cursory analysis of the proposition. The negative team set out to prove that evolution was true; they evidently succeeded in demonstrating to two of the three judges that it was at least a scientific theory, if not an established fact; and the affirmative attempted to prove that it was not an established fact; they proved nothing. The judges, whether they believed in evolution or not, had very little choice but to render for the negative. Yet the minute this decision was made known, everybody with the feeblest knowledge of evolution was profoundly affected by what was conceived to be heretical assent to a pernicious doctrine. "Hold, a minute," shouted the editor from his sanctum, "I will write two editorials, one now and one next Tuesday, which will set underclassmen and other numskulls aright. For the present I say that debates are notoriously inconclusive, that in short, they prove nothing. The principles upon which the Catholic Church bases its estimation of the theory of evolution are founded on reason and reliable evidence, and retain their validity independent of the decision of the worthy judges. Evolution is no more true or false now than it was before the debate. More anon." The second editorial spent half its space and all its energy glorying in the fact that the decision for evolution effectually dispelled the charges of dogmatic prejudice often advanced against Catholic education; the remaining half of the editorial was given to a statement of what the professor who coached the debaters considered to be the true status of the theory of evolution. Thus was creationism and the stand of the Church upheld, and thus was the apparent heresy of the judges disposed of.

We may flatter ourselves that no such flurry and hubbub would have arisen here if a like debate had been held and a like decision rendered at Saint Mary's. To begin with, the members of our own A. P. G. U., with all their propensity for wind and bombast, could hardly make themselves so marvellously misunderstood as to receive notices such as our contemporary gave its orators. And the students of Saint Mary's have been told that the Church has taken no stand on evolution other than to assert in all finality that the universe was created, that it (the Church) didn't propose to enter into the question of the perfection of the world at its creation, and that Catholics were free to accept or reject evolution as long as they didn't accept it as explaining away creation and the individuality and immortality of the human soul—they have been told all this often enough, we say, to accept a judges' decision that evolution is a scientific theory without being scandalized in the least. They have also been given to understand that this dictum was universally appreciated among educated Catholics, and the surprising thing about this debate for them will be that the students of the eastern Catholic colleges are apparently unaware of the Church's position, if it may be called that, on the question of evolution. Strange, what a merry chase Truth leads those who pursue her!

A NEW LITERATURE

WE ONCE had occasion to remark that American Catholic literature is not all it might be. In answer to our remark, we were handed a brochure, published by the Universal Knowledge Foundation. Just what this foundation proposes to do is not, perhaps, for non-members to ask. However, it has this to say for its plans:

"There is a most important field of activity in which Catholics exercise little if any influence, the field of general literature. We have many writers, but with few exceptions, they write on religion only, in a way that appeals to but very few Catholics.

"This is for us a grave disadvantage and a grave disadvantage for the world at large. It makes us appear aloof from the life of the nation, as if sectarian, and in this respect alien, with little or no part in public affairs.

"It cuts off from an honorable, lucrative and influential avocation many of our men and women, as if there were no place for them in the intellectual life of the country. It renders us unable to influence public opinion, to make known the sound principles and traditions which we possess, and to impress these deeply on multitudes who would derive benefit from them even if they should never adopt our religion.

"It is a grave disadvantage for the entire world as well as for ourselves that in the language which is now more widespread and potent than any other there are about five Catholic writers who command attention on any subject outside limited circles of Catholic readers. There are certain things which the world needs which we alone have, and which can be imparted in no other way, so effectively at least, as through the press.

"The world needs respect for authority, reverence for law, the sanctity of the home, fidelity to the marriage bond, regard for human life before as well as after birth, parental responsibility, juvenile self-control, education in religion, an end to class conflicts, integrity in public life and in business, restraint in pleasure, decency in the theatre, less license in literature, and moderation as against the fanaticism which is intolerant of genuine liberty.

"If there is any definite public opinion about Catholics it is this precisely that we have all these things, and that by virtue of them we are a force for good in every community. The very breath of our nostrils is authority, reverence for law, genuine home life, marital fidelity, the only defensible method of birth control, and all the other things the world so sadly needs.

"Now here precisely is where we fail to do our part for the world about us. We are forever boasting that our principles and traditions would save mankind in our present evil conditions, yet what are we doing to impart what we possess in such abundance? We are doing our utmost, within our own circles, holding fast to what we have got, stemming the leakage, recovering the errant, safeguarding the young. We build churches and schools and institutions; we maintain prosperous organizations of the laity, men and women, we support missions at home and abroad. We have zealous preachers, lecturers and many good periodicals. We do all this at great sacrifice, at immense expense, but with brilliant success. Still the benefit of it is all within our own circle.

"All this is not labor lost. We derive the benefit of it, but shall we always do so? Is there not danger, nay, are we not sure, of being infected by the atmosphere about us, of being overpowered by the influences of our sur-

(Continued on page 2, col. 2)

SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE PERSECUTONS IN MEXICO

A DISTANT shrilling, and a lengthening cloud along the horizon, heralded the approach of our train. There was a general stir in the station—an elaborate structure in the purlieu of Durango. Women began screaming for their children, cargadores scrambled to look after the baggage, and little groups were exchanging embraces in the hearty Mexican fashion. Everyone was animated—talking—laughing. Peddlers with huge trays move slowly through the crowd, shouting discordantly, and beggars milled and implored, "Charity for the love of God!" The din was such that we had scarce observed the engine which now stood puffing and hissing after its long run from Torreon. . . From the train window we looked out upon the throng, and with the Poet, thought surely "la vida es sueno."

At a little distance a covered tumbril had wheeled to a standstill, and several nuns were dismounting. An inarticulate murmur arose, and some dozen children darted forward, wailing aloud. They gathered about the nuns, clutching and kissing their hands, while women, also in tears, embraced the good Sisters and conducted them to the train. By this time nearly all the men had removed their hats, and many stood angrily vociferating. In another moment, with a medley of creaks and rumbles the train rolled forward. The nuns wept, and waved to the orphans they were leaving behind, and as we rounded a hillock they saw their last of Durango, and home—a sea of roof-tops gleaming in the new-risen sun, twin towers of the cathedral, and the little convent on the slope. The whistle screached, and the train sped towards the capital. This was in July, 1925.

At that time the United States heard scarce a word of the Mexican persecution. Yet at that time, in the city of Durango alone, not a school, not a hospital, nor an asylum of any description remained open under Catholic control! The seminary itself had been closed on the charge that the religion of Christ was taught therein; but the priests, by an extortionate payment, were able to conduct classes in a portion of the building which was their own. The churches, without exception, had long since been looted, and the old and beautiful sanctuary of St. Francis lay in ruins. Other Church property was in process of confiscation, or mutilation. And yet, all this happened within a single city. In the south, the persecution was already ripe.

Since then, much has come to pass. Thanks to our Catholic periodicals, we know something of what has actually occurred, for as a rule, the public press prints only that which the Mexican government wishes to state. In Mexico, the press has been subjected to rigid control, and all privately owned papers have been suppressed. In 1925 the "Excelsior," the leading journal of Mexico City, stated in flaming letters: "Ninety-nine per cent of us are Catholic, and the other per cent rules." Today no such headlines appear. The Mexican government does not wish its face unmasked.

It is difficult to picture the fury of this persecution for as an old saying has it, "actions speak louder than words," and too often we receive words only. Let us therefore look to a few specific facts, and confine our attention to the state of Durango, where there have been recent martyrs to the cause of God. . . . In the town of Chalchihuites, there is a society of young men known as the "Asociacion Catolica de Jovenes Mexicanos." Their sole purpose is of a religious nature, and the government is without reason to suspect them. However, the priest in charge of this society, together with several of its members, were, on some pretext, conducted by automobile to the outskirts of the town. Soldiers had been posted along the road, with definite instructions from the alcalde. And so it came to pass that the priest and youths received their sentence unawares. They were shot—their only crime being that they were Catholics!

Another atrocity was committed upon the priest from the Sierra, who, it appears, had once frustrated the attempt of an officer upon a girl. Now that vengence could be had so cheaply, the officer, without further ado, condemned the priest to death. Thus were the mountain villagers bereft of their spiritual father. His body, riddled with bullets, and torn by coyotes, lies deep in some ravine of the Sierra.

Not long ago the following account appeared in "Desde mi Sotano" (From my basement)—a Catholic paper whose presses have somehow remained secreted from the prying agents. The article was headed "What the daily press keeps silent," and this, in brief, is what it says: "In the town of San Juan de los Lagos, on All Saints' Day, a number of peones from the surrounding ranchos marched in procession to the shrine of Our Lady. On their large sombreros they wore ribands of the national colors—red, white, and green, upon which appeared the words: 'Viva Cristo Rey.' It happened that as they were about to enter the church a drunken officer with several companions appeared upon the scene. Angered by the festive display of these toilers of the soil, as well as by that moving spectacle of faith, he ordered his men to snatch the ribands from their hats. As may be expected, the peons resisted, and when the officer took to thrashing a small boy, a riot ensued in which the aggressor met his end.

When the authorities of San Miguel, a neighboring town, heard of what had happened, they commanded a squadron to 're-establish order.' In a few hours the soldiers arrived at San Juan on the gallop, spurring their horses, and shooting in all directions. Everyone scurried to shelter, although one hapless woman fell dead in her tracks. The ruffians then set about to rifle the shops, and fire the town. As if this were not sufficient to chastise the villagers, they were ordered by the alcalde, a dark man, nicknamed 'El Cacarizo' (pock-marked) to seize four of the leading townspeople—personal enemies of his. The unfortunates were dragged to the plaza, where, without trial or accusation, they were shot down. Their bodies were unclothed, and forthwith subjected to barbarous treatment . . . And today the officer in charge of the troops blusters and sports the jewels of those he murdered. The final chapter of this story is not yet complete. It will endure through many years, for by this villainy four innocent children were rendered fatherless—and this in Mexico, spells desperation.

Indeed, in some sections of the state the Catholics are in arms for common defense. On one occasion it happened that one of their number having fallen sick, came under cover to the city. He was concealed in his home, when the military authorities broke in, dragged him from his sick-bed, and dispatched him without charge or question. His body was flung away, and only after indefatigable pleadings was his wife permitted to go in search of it.

Many other atrocities might be related, and condemnation might run high, but these few instances of mad persecution will, it is hoped, speak more effectively than whole pages of generalization. These are facts which have actually taken place, and of which the world learns nothing. As to what the future holds for the unhappy Catholics of Mexico, none can surmise. On the fifteenth of January the very last priest in the city of Durango was expelled, leaving the population entirely without sacerdotal guidance. He was bade choose between Christ or Calles, and his prompt decision merited a prompt reply . . .

No doubt the crowds as seen from the train windows are yet as colorful, and the venders yet as clamorous as before. But the chance wanderer, and more especially the reporter, does not see into the hovels of the poor, rendered miserable by violent suppression; nor does he know that the multitudes of aged beggars, and ragged children have been turned from the asylums which cared for them, and that everywhere faith and culture must yield to a rabid soldiery. Poor Mexico! You are one of Earth's loveliest daughters, and how miserable you have become! With typical patience your people await more peaceful times. It is ever "Manana sera otra dia."

—MARK AIKIN.

A NEW LITERATURE

(Continued from page 1)

roundings, unless we endeavor to counteract and change them, by bringing large numbers of our fellow countrymen to think and act to some extent as we do, even if they do not become Catholics?

"It is time, therefore, to create a literature which will be written by Catholic writers who know the minds of the people about them, the modern mind, as it is called, and who will write on all subjects of popular interest in the language of the day. Without touching a religious subject, there are thousands of things all keenly interesting, and all affording opportunities not only to correct erroneous views, but also to instill sound principles and do our part with others in forming a correct public opinion. . . ..

"It will be impossible to create a literature like this if we rely on occasional, haphazard, desultory effort, but not if we unite in an organized, systematic and concerted movement. Such a movement must proceed from an agency established on a solid foundation with ample means for discovering, developing, employing, directing and rewarding talent which is by no means lacking; for obtaining, not among Catholics only but among the general public, the widest market for the literature thus produced; and for pressing on the attention of other agencies which make or direct public opinion its value and salutary influence.

"Fortunately such a movement is already under way, organized under a title which cannot be considered sectarian, "The Universal Knowledge Foundation." It has organized its editorial board, a staff of well educated and trained assistants, and a body of writers, fully one thousand in number, residing in various parts of the world, but mostly in this country. It has already three thousand members. It is well quartered in Union Square, New York, with editorial and business offices, library and full publisher's equipment. Its editors have the confidence of Catholics everywhere and the unusual experience of having edited the Catholic Encyclopedia, in spite of many difficulties and predictions of failure. This work even non-Catholics have appreciated so much as to refer to it on every occasion as the standard source of information on all things Catholic. From the start it was hailed by a genuine critic as a new departure in Catholic literature by its scholarship, style, tone and suitability for the general reader. . . .

"The Foundation has already gathered abundant material for the publications it plans to issue, and has actually in press the first volume of an entirely new general reference work, new in style and new in content, not on religious subjects only, but on every subject of human interest. The editors consider it essential to publish this work as the basis of all their publications, because there is in English no reliable, complete and up-to-date general reference work. Even the thirty-two volumes of the Britannica, announced now as a new edition, are as they were written some years before the war. The new general reference work, entitled Universal Knowledge, will illustrate what the new literature should be in style and content, and how, under Catholic auspices, the whole round of knowledge may be presented in a manner to suit every reader of whatever creed, or even the creedless. As all the preliminary work on this publication has been done, the first volume is already in press, and the other volumes will follow one another in quick succession. Important as this work is, it is only one item in the program of the Foundation.

"The movement in process means much for Catholics in this and in every English-speaking country. .It will soon put an end to the superstition that we are an alien body, a menace to our political institutions, a people of divided allegiance. It will help to bring religion back into public life. It will answer the question, who reads Catholic books? Catholics will read whatever interests them, if it be written by those on whom they can depend. Others will also read and the larger circle of readers will justify the lower prices which present limited circulation prevents. It will open up a new and most engaging avocation, or profession, for young Catholic men and women as they leave college, and it will inspire our college faculties with new aims and new motives."

Developments of this undertaking should prove very interesting to Catholics possessed of a desire to force the world to recognize the worth of their Church's doctrines.

Drama

I. R. McVAY

LOOSE ANKLES

AFTER "Cradle Snatchers" comes "Loose Ankles," which means that the smart crackers are still with us. The first affair told the story of how the unattractive dames "over weight and over forty" go astray, and the second shows us the inner life of the young parasites who dance attendance on them,—which in either case is laughing material and very poor dramatic material. At that, "Cradle Snatchers" was the better written comedy, while "Loose Ankles" is the less offensive. In both instances the credit offered should by no means cause anyone to become giddy.

We recall the statement of one New York reviewer, who said of "Loose Ankles" that it "thrived on its fat comedy and died on its lean drama," and that fits very well as a description. The dramatic element that makes its cautious way through the comedy disguised as a plot, is so thin as to belong to the musical comedy type of plot, but then no chorus could fit into the hall bedroom residence of the four night school Adonis's; and since the production would be nothing at all without the comedy scenes laid in that room, these scenes must carry on their mission of compelling loud guffaws without the aid of a chorus. The scenes in question deal with the intimate discussion by the young opportunists, of their methods of graft, whereby their hefty playmates are made to pay in cash and trinkets because of the heavy labor involved in pushing them about a dance floor. The gentlemen of the loose ankles indulge in conversation of a rather loose and ribald nature, but there is no doubting the wisdom of the managerial foresight capable of seeing an audience revel in this ultramodern jargon . . . it seems to evoke a wild hilarity with regularity.

Our thin and never-too-well-told story relates the difficulties of a pert and pulchritudinous young lady has with a lot of silly relatives and a worse will. She must be married. The heroine refuses. Rather than be compelled to marry she will get herself compromised and talked about in the newspapers, thus rendering the will null and void. And so anxious is she to get herself compromised that she advertises for a compromiser. So the greenest of the grafters—the boy who had studied archeology in college and is finding existence and ideals pretty much at outs—is sent to apply for his first job. Of course, the two fall in love with each other. When he returns to his rooms, the boys question him on the outcome of the interview, and the green one breathes something about "she's wonderful," all of which causes puzzled knitting of brows until one of them grins knowingly and remarks, "Look at that face. 'Came the Dawn'—just like the movies . . ." The second one nods his head gravely in agreement, points to his heart and replies, "Yes, bingo."

Aside from these spots, which make the farce-comedy-what-you-will, a thing of life, there are moments when one is puzzled as to whether the actors are clowning their roles or whether the irritation we felt could be accounted for by the wearisome things that the author has given them to say and do. There are moments when the comedy, farce, etc., is nothing more than a lot of poorly chosen dialogue, and we fear that the author gives us evidence of being unable to write anything else save this "sure fire" patter, the vernacular of the "gimme boys."

Anyone who does not care to be belabored with sidewalk conversation, inherently uninteresting characters and characterizations, and a display of questionable taste in selection of material, will hardly be repaid by the sporadic flashes of wit embodied in the simile and metaphor of this piece.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

THERE is something pitiful and tragic in the appearance of anyone wear second hand garments, to be made worse when the occasion presents the individual in borrowed finery that doesn't fit. We don't imagine hand-me-downs generally succeed in enhancing personal appearance, but that idea never seems to bother certain managers in our theatre; give them an idea that a certain type of entertainment is a money-maker and the imitations of the original success are numerous as well as nauseating.

While the obvious exploitation of the sentiment of "The Student Prince" is an irritating factor, "Castles in the Air" has a few points that are able to redeem it partially. A number of the musical pieces were quite pleasing and were in the hands of capable singers. A director with original ideas must have planned the arrangements of the dancing numbers. There was an odd chaotic movement apparent in the chorus, deliberately done and succeeding in its purpose of novelty. The same director must also have a thorough knowledge of the recent additions to the dancing world, because their eccentric quality was noticeable in the wild stepping of the dancing numbers. No one could object to the work of the comedian.

This mixture of musical comedy and operetta, pleasing in spots, hasn't enough of those spots to be called thoroughly pleasing. The reason is in the story. Evidently noticing the reception to royalty and the success of another operetta, the producer became confident that the public adored royalty and that somehow a story would have to be written with a background of brass buttons, gold lace, and intrigue. A story was written all right, but it simply doesn't contain the proper elements to make it dramatic enough to be convincing. And when the sentiment expressed in the plot is not on a convincing basis, it appears inane and empty. In such a case we find ourselves at the moment of the climax of the play, not keenly alive to the plot, but being forced to stimulate our interest in what is going on by examining the number of people on the stage, or how many brass buttons cover the hero's expansive chest. We don't think that this fact is due to a peculiar personal temperament, and we do think the difficulty is found in the makeup of the plot. In the operetta, "The Student Prince," we accepted the situations because they were real, but just because the setting calls for military clothes, picturesque Balkan life and the code of royalty demanding the prince to marry for the benefit of the state, we don't feel as though these facts in themselves are sufficient to warrant a flood of tears, with such consequent enjoyment on our part that we must needs break out with shouts of "Bravo." Unfortunately too often there is the continually repressed urge to disregard politeness and shout "Bunk."

The story tells of the adventures of a wealthy girl with the "prince complex." Her guardian is moved to take drastic steps and when a real prince, traveling under the name of plain John Brown, appears, guardian resolves to end this prince business. He sends John Brown to Latavia (find it and it's yours) to act as a prince in a rented castle; the reason escaped us, and since we can't imagine one, we suppose John Brown was sent to Latavia to assist in the removal of this prince complex. But John runs into difficulties with a prime minister, and is about to be executed when the Queen recognizes John as her long lost son the Prince; all of which doesn't make him an Elk, but causes him further embarrassment by necessitating his marriage for reasons of state. That means the lovely lady from America whom the Prince has grown to love, can't be considered. But the guardian has a large heart and lends a few millions to Latavia, which makes a good reason for the state to sanction the marriage of the prince with the American lady. Nice? Oh, quite.

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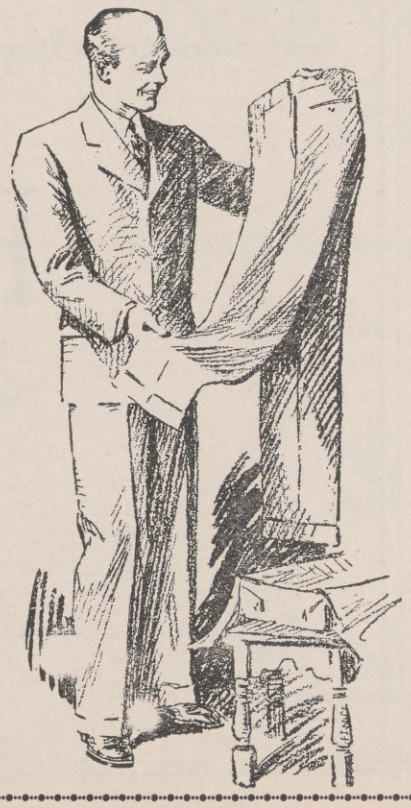

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Sports

RAYMOND J. ARATA, Editor

SAINTS LOSE TO Y. M. I.

The fast Y. M. I. team, without doubt the premier quintet of the Coast, met and quite handily defeated the Saint basketers 33 to 19 last Thursday evening.

Lightning pass work, coupled with wonderful basket shooting by all the Institute cagers, left little for the Saints to do but fight until the final whistle. The first half was fairly even, Captain Jim Underhill keeping the Saints in the game with his consistent shooting, coupled with a fine exhibition of defensive basketball. The first half ended with the score 12 to 7 in favor of the boys from the Institute..

In the second half, Bailly, big Y. M. I. star, began dropping them in, and before he was finished he had 7 points in his favor. "Red" Begley was another boy who just couldn't miss. This spirit seemed to effect the whole Y. M. I. team in the same manner, but nevertheless despite this sudden business of shooting goals from anywhere and everywhere, the Saints kept right on fighting.

Underhill was high point man of the evening with eleven points. The team as a whole played a very good game, but the Y. M. I. was just too strong and too clever. However, there is one consolation in the fact that the Saints will meet no team that possesses the quality of the Institute cagers again this year.

Y. M. I.—

	G	F	P
Cooke, f.	2	1	5
Bailley, f.	3	1	7
Laughlin, f.	1	0	2
Harrigan, f.	2	0	4
Brady, c.	2	1	5
Schmidt, c.	2	2	6
Dunne, g.	0	0	0
Dal Bon, g.	0	1	1
Leroux, g.	0	1	1
Begley, g.	1	0	1

SAINT MARY'S—

	G	F	P
Tazer, f.	1	0	2
Linares, f.	1	1	3
Underhill, c.	4	3	11
Driscoll, g.	0	0	0
Lien, g.	0	1	1
De la Guardia, f.	0	0	0
Skarich, f.	0	0	0
Arata, f.	0	0	0

—N. S.

FROSH DEFEAT Y. M. I.

In the preliminary game, staged before the Varsity game, the Frosh took the Y. M. I. 145 pound team into camp by the rather close score of 24 to 21. This game was marked by the ability of the referee to call both personal and technical fouls for the slightest infraction of the rules. Numerous fouls marred the game and slowed it up to a walk. For the Frosh, Simas was the individual star. Stoeffel for the Institute was their shining light.

The absence of Dick Scarlett from the Frosh lineup weakened the team considerably.

O'Brien kept the fans on their toes by his tricky dribbling and consistent floor game. Pitchford was a stone

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wall under the basket, most of the Institute coming via the free throw route, or by Stoeffel from the district around the center of the floor.

—W. S.

SAINT MARY'S TRIMS SAINT IGNATIUS

"Gray Fog" had no effect on the eyes of the Saint Mary's basketball players last Saturday night, and as a result they managed to find the basket for 27 points to win the Saint Mary's-Saint Ignatius contest 27-21.

The game got off to a fine start, but slowed up in the closing minutes. There were many highlights in the game for Saint Mary's followers. First, it gave the Varsity a firmer hold on the Far Western Conference title. Secondly, Eddie Tazer, the hard luck man of the California game, came into his own, and chalked up 15 points for the team. Then, the remarkable work of "Sig" Lien, "Heine" Driscoll, and "Ike" Frankian prevented Maloney and Patridge, the Ignatian stars, from making a single goal during the entire game. The Saint Ignatius rooters were ever ready to give Maloney a cheer, but the Saint players would not give him a chance to score.

From the opening play to the final gun, the Saints held the lead. The Varsity exhibited good team work and executed some clever plays. Jim Underhill started the score board going by sinking a free throw. Within the first ten minutes of play "Sig" Lien had to leave the game, because of technicalities, and things looked very "gray" for the Saints, until Frankian stepped in and kept up the good work at guard. He stopped the Ignatian aces, and helped to give us a 13-7 lead for the first half.

The second period brought more rapid shooting, and a last minute rally from the "Gray Fog," but their attack was not strong enough to overcome the Saints.

"Jerry" Linares played a fine game and was always there to spoil the sure shots of the Saint Ignatius cagers. His offensive work was equal to his defensive work and meant 7 points for Saint Mary's. Skarich duplicated "Jerry's" good work when called upon by "Slip."

"Heine" Driscoll was the man Ray Maloney wished was far away from Kezar Pavilion. He won recognition by his brilliant performance and kept the Ignatian star from getting near the basket. All we need do is mention Jim Underhill and it signifies stellar playing. Jim is always where he is needed in a game and does a lot towards winning a victory. Lien and Frankian were stopping the Ignatian forwards every time they attempted to storm the basket.

It was Eddie Tazer's night. He rang the basket from mid-court, from the sides, and from every angle, regardless of how many men were charging him.

The box score:

SAINT MARY'S—

	G	F	P
Tazer, l. f.	6	3	15
Linares, r. f.	3	1	7
Underhill, c.	1	1	3
Lein, l. g.	0	0	0
Driscoll, r. g.	1	0	2
Frankian, g.	0	0	0
Skarich, f.	0	0	0
Totals	11	5	27

SAINT IGNATIUS—

	G	F	P
Patridge, l. f.	0	1	1
Maloney, r. f.	0	1	1
O'Neil, c.	2	0	4
Nieland, l. g.	0	1	1
Morrisey, r. g.	1	3	5
Polati, f.	3	2	8
Olsen, g.	0	1	1
Totals	6	9	21

—E. S.

BASEBALL SQUAD ROUNDING INTO FORM

With the coming of the month of February came King Baseball and his court to Saint Mary's campus. Once again we hear that old familiar sound of wood meeting horse-hide, and once again Brother Agnon begins his fond recollections of the fine teams that represented Saint Mary's on the diamond in the years that have passed.

"Slip" Madigan is coaching the baseball team again this year, and from all appearances he will guide them thru a successful series. The rain has been holding back the progress of the team to a certain extent, but when the sun comes out for a long enough time to permit five or six successive practices, just watch that team go!

In order to get the team in shape for the intercollegiate season a tentative pre-season schedule has been arranged. The teams that will oppose the Phoenix are all local semi-pro outfits of renown.

FROSH BEATS SAINT IGNATIUS RESERVES

Elated over their victories from the California Frosh and the Stanford Frosh, the Saint Mary's Freshman team stepped out and beat the Saint Ignatius Reserves, as a preliminary to the Varsity game on Saturday night, January 29. They set a precedent for the Varsity game by trouncing the Reserves 33 to 23 in a game that was replete with action.

Saint Ignatius was wholly outclassed in every department of the game and were not menacing at any period of the contest. Nearly half of the points were made by free throws, which gave the customers a sample of the ability of every one of the cagers in scoring on fouls. The major part of the game seemed to be a high point contest between Scarlett, O'Brien and Simas. Scarlett came out on top with 11 points to his credit, while O'Brien made 8 and Simas 6. O'Brien and Scarlett worked a good passing combination. Simas relied upon his long shots to put him over. This trio gave a fast exhibition of floor play as well, and continually baffled the Saint Ignatius players with their speed and tricks.

Captain Noonan and Harold Brown showed up well on the defensive, the former claimed five points of the score. Pitchford presented the Reserves from nearing their basket and rung his own basket for a foul, when given an opportunity. Both of these players are good floor men and work well with Simas, O'Brien and Scarlett.

The game brought the Saint Ignatius fans to the realization of the capabilities of the Freshman team, and the wealth of material for next year's Varsity.

—E. S.

SAINT FROSH CLASH WITH LEGIONNAIRES

In one of the most exciting games ever witnessed at Napa, the Saint Mary's Frosh were beaten by the Napa Legionnaires, 34-31. The Saints held the lead throughout the game until the last three minutes of play. The Legionnaires, headed by Lange, staged a last minute attack and nosed out the Frosh by 3 points.

The first half of the game was hard fought with Simas continuously sinking buckets for Saint Mary's. As the score of the half indicates, Saint Mary's had the edge. The board read 20-16 in our favor.

During the second half the Frosh retained the lead until the last few minutes. Then the Frosh hit a streak of bad luck, while Napa fell in for exceptionally good luck. Lange shot baskets rapidly, but Saint Mary's couldn't buy a basket. The shots rolled out of the basket ever time. The sound of the final gun found the Saints on the short end of a 34-31 score.

"Butch" Simas was high point and outstanding player of the game. If he had been able to keep the pace he set for himself in the first half, things might have been different. Captain Noonan ran the score up 10 points, and played well at center throughout the game. Dick Scarlett and "Rat" O'Brien played a good game in their respective positions, but could not get their eye on the basket as well as usual. Scarlett made 4 points and O'Brien made 2. Pitchford was up to his regular standard at guard and was consistent thruout the entire game. "Bunny" Higgins and "Hal" Brown displayed good floor work in the second half of the game.

—E. S.

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A pacifist is a person who resides on the shore of the Pacific Ocean.

— if —

GREAT SWIMMING FETE

Worm's-eye view of George Young and his manager as they landed on the coast of Los Angeles.

"I did it for my mother!" said George to our Correspondent, "—and I would have made better time if it wasn't for the traffic signals." George firmly declared that he would never write his biography.

— if —

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

How to Tell a Bad Egg

If you have anything important to tell a bad egg, break it gently.

— if —

Skippy: "I'd just soon hit you as not!"

Somerest: "Ya-ah! And you'd just as not to as soon."

— if —

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

ADOLPH DIKELMOTHYPUS, winner of the Nobel prize, who has just refused the cash award that goes with it. "I promised my mother I would never accept money from strangers," said Adolph to our correspondent. Adolph has perfected the original non-leakable mouth gag that absolutely checks all forms of communication. This is a boon to humanity in general and to husbands in particular. The great gag is approved by all the Honor Societies of the nation as a sure talk preventer during examinations.

— if —

— if —

AM-AND the Philosopher says: "A thing of beauty gets all the tumbles!"

THIS WEEK'S BEST JOKE

Minerva: "We have some nice beans today."

Stude: "But I said I didn't want any beans."

Minerva: "Well, then lunch is over."

— if —

FAMOUS FIRST WORDS

"Gallia est omnes divisa in partes tres."

— if —

Edwi: "This would be a fine college if you had your way!"

Oswi: "Well, I'd simply let every fellow do as he likes, and if he refused I'm make him."

— if —

OUR MEN YOU SHOULD KNOW SERIES

No. 3

Sketched at Fashion Park

LIONEL LAMPBLACK, '86, Explorer. Mr. Lampblack, of the famous class of 1866, a prominent alumnus, was unfortunately left out of "Who's Who" for 1926, so we take this opportunity of blazoning his name and fame before the world. Lionel is the discoverer of the well known island of Matty-Go-Slok in the Oakland inner harbor. "I have always desired to go to sea," said Lionel after his famous trans-bay voyage, "and I have at last fulfilled my ambition." The natives of Go-Slok are of the genus Commutus; ferocious, violent but possessed of remarkable intelligence. Their chief occupation is the hunting of golf balls which are found in large herds in the interior of Go-Slok. Mr. Lampblack took part in a great golf hunt on his visit to the island and obtained several fine trophies which are on exhibition in his private museum.

— if —

WEATHER FORECAST

Unsettled, light variable winds.

— if —

Alumni

SAN FRANCISCO ALUMNI UNIT

The San Francisco Alumni Unit of the Alumni Society met at a dinner at the Palace Hotel recently. James M. Smith, '10, Chairman of the Madigan Day Festivities, outlined the plans for Madigan Day at Saint Mary's College on February 20 where members of the Alumni from far and near will gather. T. Anselm Duffy, '91, newly appointed Financial Secretary of the Alumni, spoke of the plans for the organization of the work of the campaign in building a new and greater Saint Mary's College. Edward I. Barry, '07, presided at the meeting.

WATSONVILLE UNIT

An organization meeting of the Watsonville Unit of the Alumni Society was held recently. Harry Hooper, '07. Eddie Burns, '07, Gerald Martin, '25, Timothy Canty, '23 were the principal speakers for the Alumni. Brother Joseph, local Provincial, and Brother Agnon also gave talks. Approximately twenty-five members of the Alumni from surrounding districts attended the meeting.

THE FORUM

Mr. James L. Hagerty, '19, and Mr. Louis F. Le Fevre, '13, are conducting courses in Philosophy and Literature in The Forum which is under the auspices of the Young Men's Institute of San Francisco. The Forum is a means of affording education to young men whose work does not permit them to otherwise gain the benefits of learning; it is purely an educational movement for the advancement of higher Catholic learning and the association of Mr. Hagerty and Mr. Le Fevre with such a work is an example of what graduates of Catholic Colleges can do for the cultural good of others.

DR. A. S. CAMPBELL HONORED

During the past week another member of Saint Mary's College Faculty has received high honors in the field of educational work. Doctor A. S. Campbell, head of the Department of Zoology in Saint Mary's College, has recently been informed that he has been elected to active membership in the American Society of Zoologists. Membership in this Society is a real honor and a proof of recognized scholarly ability by those who have already become noted in the field of Zoology.

We feel proud to have so distinguished an educator as a member of our Faculty, and we wish to extend our hearty congratulations to Doctor Campbell and to wish him success and still higher honors in all his future work.

A. P. G. U. HOLDS SPRING INITIATION

Tuesday night, February 8, the Alpha Pi Gamma Upsilon Literary Society of Saint Mary's held its Spring initiation of candidates into the order. This society has but two initiations a year, one in the Fall and one in the Spring, and in order to have a veteran organization to carry on the work the next year, the A. P. G. U. holds its Spring initiation early.

President Carroll called the meeting to order at eight o'clock sharp and the initiation ceremonies started shortly thereafter. The new members were duly impressed with the dignity and prestige of Saint Mary's only literary society before the evening's rituals had been completed. After the formalities had been gone through, the neophytes of the A. P. G. U. were unanimous in declaring that they had spent one of the most eventful evenings of their young lives and that they were determined to work hard for their newly won honors, and to always strive to keep the A. P. G. U. on the high plane that it has had ever since its founding years ago. President Carroll then expressed the pleasure that the old members had in welcoming the new ones, and said that he believed the A. P. G. U. now has the best opportunity of its career to work for the "Old Brick Pile," and that with the new blood just admitted he felt sure that this work would be done.

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart go together.—Ruskin.

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On and Off the Campus

R. F. FARRELL, Editor A. BUXTON M. CLONEY

BROTHER LEO TO LECTURE IN SAN FRANCISCO

Under the auspices of the Alpha Pi Gamma Upsilon literary society of Saint Mary's College, Brother Leo is to deliver a lecture on "Shaw, Wells, and Belloc," in the Colonial Room of the Hotel Saint Francis, San Francisco, on Thursday evening, February 10, at eight o'clock. While we at Saint Mary's enjoy the privilege of hearing Brother Leo almost daily in the class room, perhaps we do not appreciate the benefits we receive as a result of his great influence, and perhaps we also fail to realize that the best possible intellectual development is brought about through the vital contact of the minds of students with the mind of such a great man and true instructor as Brother Leo is known to be.

However, those on the outside who know of Brother Leo's ability and influence—and they are legion—are eager to take advantage of such an opportunity as this lecture affords. The members of the A. P. G. U. Society who have arranged this affair are deserving of great praise. They are not only living up to the ideals and traditions for which the organization stands, but they are offering the friends of the college the pleasure of hearing Brother Leo, while at the same time illustrating an example of the kind of instruction the students of Saint Mary's receive.

Brother Leo has chosen as his subject, "Shaw, Wells, and Belloc," and as this title clearly implies, the lecture is not to be a "dry" one on a "dead" subject. To say the least, as most of us know, Shaw, Wells, and Belloc are far from being dead. While these prominent writers have certain things in common, they also have certain characteristics which are radically different; and Brother Leo, who has studied intensively all three men, and who has spent most of his life studying and teaching literature, must certainly be considered a real authority on their work.

In addition to Brother Leo's lecture, a musical program will be offered by the students of Saint Mary's, and those who attend the affair are assured that a real "intellectual banquet" will be served them.

—R. F. F.

THE JUNIOR DANCE

On the evening of Friday, January 2, the Class of '28 held the first social dance of the new year in the College gymnasium. The affair was well attended, and all those present were furnished a real enjoyable evening's entertainment. The interior of the gymnasium was artistically decorated with the red and blue colors of Saint Mary's and with many beautiful ferns, the latter being generously donated by the Bettencourt Floral Company of Centerville and way stations. The outstanding feature of the evening was the music of Ed Massa's Collegians and the terpsichorean efforts of George De Lew, prominent student of the Junior class and chairman of the committee in charge.

The principal purpose of this event was to arouse interest and enthusiasm in the work of the Collegian Annual, the publication of which has been undertaken by the Junior class, and also to enable all the students of the college to assist financially while at the same time enjoying a pleasant evening. The committee in charge, consisting of George De Lew, Everett Nevin, Larry Bettencourt, and Joseph Egan, worked hard to make the affair a success, and to say the least, their efforts were well rewarded.

While a nice time was had by all, an unfortunate incident marked the aftermath of the enthusiastic endeavors of one member of the committee. While wandering through the bushes of his great botanical gardens gathering ferns with which to decorate the hall, Larry Bettencourt, prominent man about the campus, and big carrot and turnip man of interior California, became entangled in a few stray vines of poison oak, with the result that the past few days Larry has had "hard scratching" to get along. However, this heroic lad is now rapidly recovering, and he, as well as other students and friends are looking forward with pleasure to the next Junior entertainment.—R. F. F.

BLOCK M SOCIETY PLANS INITIATION

In the first meeting of the Spring semester, held on Thursday, February 3, 1927, the Block M Society of Saint Mary's College outlined plans for a Spring program which promises to furnish the most active and interesting series of events in the history of the organization. During the Fall semester, when football rules the world of sports, the athletes have little time or energy to devote to extra curricula affairs, but now that "Spring has come," all members are eager and enthusiastic to participate in fraternal activities and social affairs.

Among the most important questions discussed at this meeting were those of the initiation of new members, and a real athletic dance to be held in the college gymnasium. In the past year a number of new athletes have won their block letters in the different major sports, and not only are these men anxious to be taken into the society, but the present members are joyfully awaiting the time when they can welcome such candidates into the fold of honored athletes. To say the least, a warm reception will be carefully planned for the fortunate? neophytes.

Those students who were fortunate enought to witness the preliminary ceremonies of the initiation held last Spring, will certainly agree with us when we say that a most enjoyable afternoon was spent by all (the spectators). Of course the main event of the program is reserved until the evening and is witnessed only by the privileged members of the society. The committee in charge of this affair has agreed to let us in on a little secret, namely, that the program of events in the coming initiation will far surpass anything that has been done in the past. For the older students this is a sufficient promise of something great. For the new men—well, just wait patiently and hold everything.

It has been quite some time since the Block M Society has sponsored anything in the social field, but as Saint Mary's College has received much valuable publicity during the past few years through her athletes, both on and off the field of play, it seems appropriate at this time to arrange a dance in the college gymnasium in honor of the athletes who have given their best efforts to add to the honor of Saint Mary's, and who are soon to leave their Alma Mater through graduation. President Underhill, who is at the head of the dance committee, promises that nothing will be left undone to show that the Block M boys can do other things besides making touchdowns and winning baseball and basketball championships.

With these events to look forward to, the members of the Society and the students of the college are assured of some real entertainment in the near future.

—R. F. F.

"My country right or wrong," is a thing that no patriot would think of saying except in a desperate case. It is like saying, "My mother, drunk or sober."—Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

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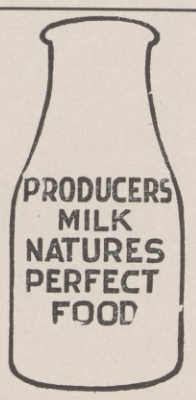

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Books

MARK AIKIN

THE WEST END OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

By E. B. Chancellor
The Architectural Press, London, 1926

To them who have the seeing eye, London is one of the earth's sacred places; history walks abroad in its streets, and with the passage of time, every stone has become reminiscent of deeds and men. Of the past of that city, much has been written; yet somehow the era which began a hundred years ago has evoked scarce any attention. Mr. Chancellor, indeed, is one of those rare souls who find romance among Victorians. In a delightfully garrulous book he chats now on customs, now on fashions, and ever on the lamentable changes which are transforming the London of which he writes. In his own words, the volume is "a gossiping attempt to draw attention to the lesser known parts, and in so doing, to accentuate the differences that appear in the streets and byways of today as compared with what they were at the beginning of the last century."

Himself a Londoner, Mr. Chancellor writes for those who know London. He therefore scurries along the highways, and into the byways, lingering often in the most out of the way places, so that we find him only after indefatigable puzzling at the map. Often, too, we search the West End in vain, only to discover him in one of the little courts off Fleet Street—within the purlieus of the very City itself! But then he makes excuse for these excursions, saying that this portion of London belongs really to the West End.

Whatever else may be said of the book, it is impossible to overlook the illustrations which give such a splendid idea of the typical turns and angles about London. There are scores of them, mostly architectural views and photographs, although the reproductions of quaint, old gravures hold not the least fascination.

—M. A.

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OPINIONS OF A CHEERFUL YANKEE

By Irving Bacheller
The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, 1926

Here we have a writer who has achieved a certain amount of recognition as a novelist, attempting a book which in its most significant purpose is little more than a desire for added popularity. Mr. Bacheller was a successful journalist before he wrote novels and as he reveals, was quite a traveler and was acquainted with many prominent men of the past generation. Seemingly, such an individual would be perfectly qualified to write a book as the title suggests. Bacheller is a good novelist and as a writer he should have remained with that field.

He gives us pictures and observations of his life, here and there punctuated by stories and attempts at lay-preaching. But as a whole, everything that he writes is usually of slight consequence, being none other than that which the reader already knows. In other words, he is commonplace and deals with the unessential. In one chapter he essays what he entitles, "A Hundred Laughs in the Holy Land," but merely succeeds in leaving us with the ironical impression that the natives of that place are people of very low caste who employ every trick and means possible to beg or extort a few shillings from the traveler.

Often, throughout the book, Bacheller tells us of the characteristics of people of his youth and then contrasts them with those of the present era. Nothing of it is entirely new to the reader and, in short, he is merely left with confused ideas that in Bacheller's youth and now people were "not so bad, and not so good." In other words, our author succeeded in writing a great deal without saying very much. Perhaps this is what he considers as being cheerful.

In justice to Bacheller we must grant that in several places he does give us food for thought. In his attempts at lay-preaching he stresses the need of a faith, the love of God, as the true source of happiness. By giving us personal examples he shows that wealth, social position or intellectual brilliance do not of themselves spell happiness. In fact he cites these men as on "The Quest of Happiness." He endeavors, also, to stress home ties and love of home, but here he succeeds merely in giving the reader a very lovely picture of mother, without whose love we could not get along.

And so in this book, Bacheller writes; interesting enough at times, although his accomplishment rests chiefly in his style, which is fairly good, but which leaves the reader unimpressed as having read the commonplace,—full of trivialities, unessentials and dull. As Brother Leo described the book, "The Yankee element is more in evidence than the advertised cheerfulness and the opinions are for the most part platitudes platitudinously written."

—CLARENCE LEAL.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND PHILOSOPHY

By A. E. Baker
George H. Doran Co., N. Y., 1926

Sugar-coated pills and dulcet epitomes of philosophy agree in two particulars, i. e., that both are pleasant to take, and neither is highly strenuous in its effect. Mr. Baker's book is another of that superficial, though edifying series known as Doran's Modern Readers' Bookshelf. It is written in a simple, straightforward manner—such that renders it intelligible to those who have not a more thorough-going knowledge of the history of philosophy. As a high-school, or college freshman text, this book is ideal, for it is unbiased, to the point, and is set forth in agreeable English. In the author's own words, "this little book does not pretend to be adequate or original: I shall be satisfied if it succeeds in being simple and accurate." He has succeeded.

The student of philosophy may find this volume helpful in recapitulating what he is learning on a broader scale. Indeed, if he follows the outlines of reading which conclude each chapter, he may some day publish his own edition of popular philosophy!

—M. A.

TRAVEL AND TRAVELERS IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Edited by
Arthur P. Newton, M. A., D. Lit.
Alfred A. Knopf Co., New York, 1926

Throbbing, restless, adventurous—the Middle Ages rise from the ashes of Rome. The world lies shattered and disrupted. Men look about, dazed. Then, awakening to the lure of the unknown, they set out for distant lands. They set out to explore, to conquer, to worship at far-away shrines. Mr. Newton's book brings all this before us, not fancifully, but in a manner of scholarly detail. We are at once engrossed in the spirit of adventure which permeates every page. Profuse quotations, too, from age-old documents, long buried in dusty archives give the book an air of reality. We are made ready to believe whatever is explained, and willingly enough we lay aside our false notions regarding mediaeval men and mediaeval achievement. Surely the most prejudiced reader of this volume must concede that at least the "Dark Ages" were not nearly so dark as people fancy.

The secret of the book's success reverts not to one man, but to some dozen scholars—authors of the various chapters, who have made it the sparkling work it is. Each writer is a man of high academic standing and thoroughly competent authority in his particular field. Verily, it is a delight to come upon such a book as this, for the pursuit of knowledge becomes then a genuine pastime!

—M. A.

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